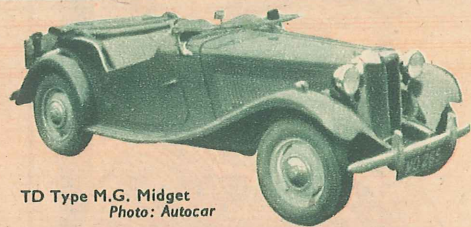


COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



TD Type M.G. Midget
Photo: Autocar

No. 103
(New Series)
July 8, 1950

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2^D



Scamp knows that he looks most appealing
When he sits up and begs with feeling!



BEG, SCAMP HERE'S
A BIT OF BULLY
BEEF!

So when Ma opened up a tin,
Scamp begged to get some buckshee din!



YOU'RE NOT HAVING
ANY MORE. THE
TIN'S EMPTY AND
DIRTY. LEAVE
IT NOW!

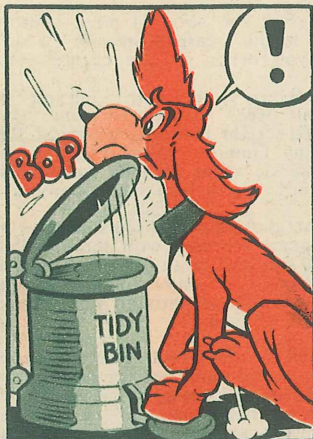
FLIP!

PRESS!

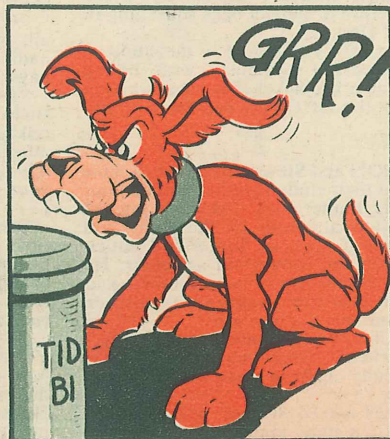
When Scamp had gobbled up his share,
The scent of meat still filled the air!



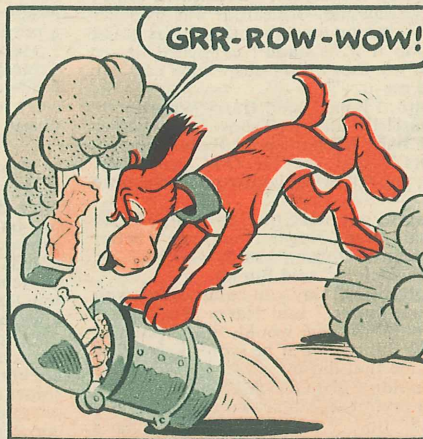
Scamp yearned to get that empty tin,
Reposing in the tidy-bin!



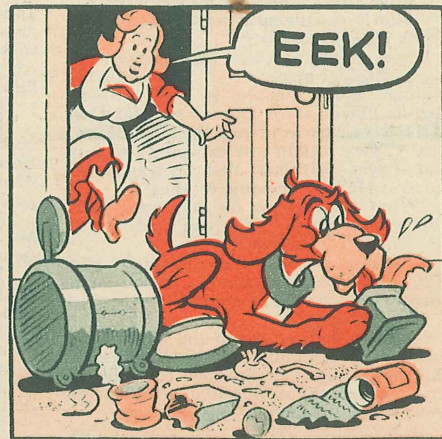
He pressed the pedal on the floor,
And bin-lid hit him on the jaw!



The bin, Scamp thought, was being funny,
Which made his outlook far from sunny!



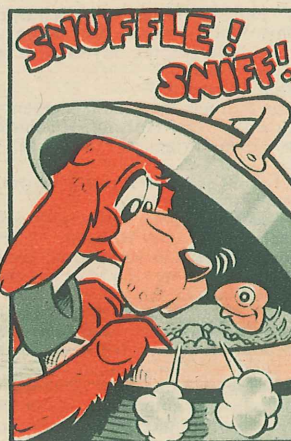
He bit the bin—then knocked it flat,
As though it were a cat, or rat!



It made a mess, there was no doubt—
But that sweet smelling tin fell out!



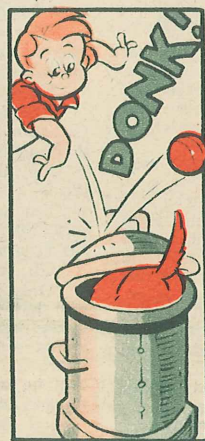
Then mother came, and spanked the pup,
For she'd to clean the rubbish up.



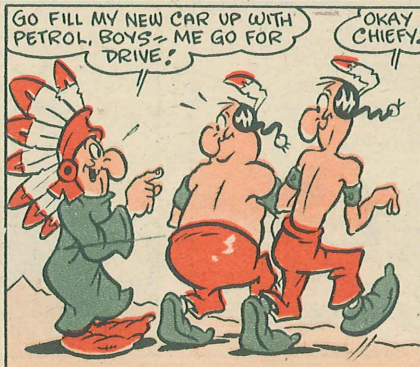
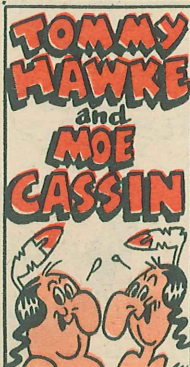
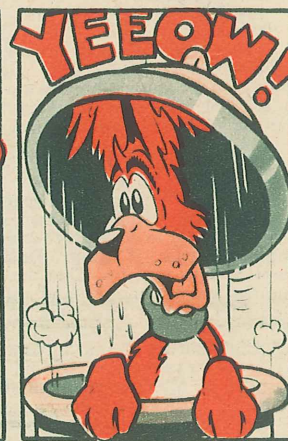
The dustbin now held Scamp's prize—
He looked at it with longing eyes.



But bin was big enough, and wide,
So Scampy up and climbed inside!

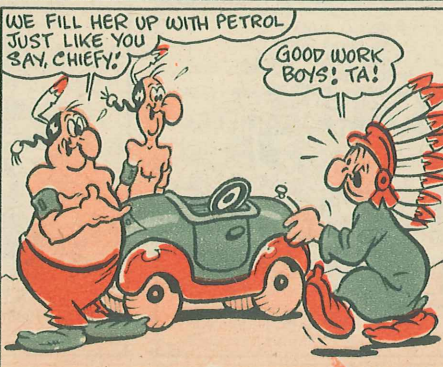


Then Scamp found that a game of cricket
Is frightening—inside the wicket!



GO FILL MY NEW CAR UP WITH
PETROL, BOYS—ME GO FOR
DRIVE!

OKAY
CHIEF!



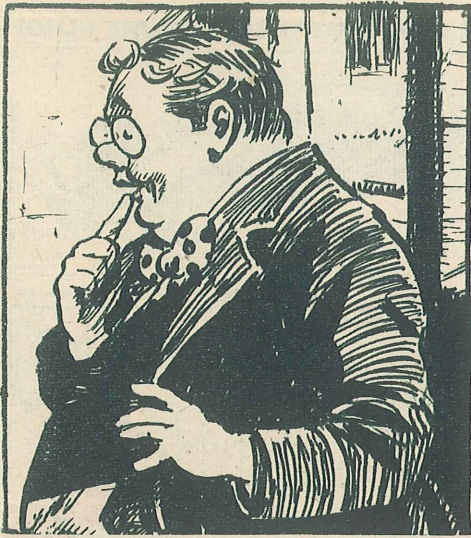
WE FILL HER UP WITH PETROL
JUST LIKE YOU
SAY, CHIEF!

GOOD WORK
BOYS! TA!



WOW! YOU WAIT,
YOU CRAZY INJUNS!

ER—I
DON'T THINK WE
WILL WAIT,
TA!



BILLY BUNTER COMES UNSTUCK!

Another Grand Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

BY GUM!

"WILL you lend me—?"
 "No!"
 "Look here, I want you to lend me—"
 "Ask next door!"
 "I tell you I want you to lend me—"
 "Call again next term."
 "You silly asses!" roared Billy Bunter.
 "I only want you to lend me—"
 "We've heard that one, old fat man," said Harry Wharton. "Nothing to lend! Shut the door after you."
 "Some gum!" shrieked Billy Bunter.
 "Gum!" ejaculated Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent together.

It was quite a surprise. Billy Bunter was a ruthless borrower of half-crowns, shillings and sixpences. In No. 1 Study they had taken it for granted that the Owl of the Remove was in quest of a little loan. Really, they couldn't be expected to guess that it was only gum that he wanted to borrow. He was welcome to gum!

"What the dickens do you want gum for?" asked Frank. "You can't eat gum!"
 "Oh, really, Nugent—"
 "There's a bottle in the cupboard," said Harry Wharton laughing. "You can borrow it if you like, fathead."
 "Oh, all right."

Bunter rolled across to the study cupboard. He picked up a small bottle of gum and then a jug that was used for milk at tea-time, and blinked round at Wharton and Nugent through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, can I borrow this jug?" he asked. "Tain't too big to hide under a fellow's jacket. I want something to put the gum in."
 "Eh?"
 "What?"

Taking it for granted, apparently, that he could borrow the milk jug, Bunter lifted it to the study table. He uncorked the gum bottle and poured its contents into the jug—Wharton and Nugent watching him blankly.

"What on earth's that game?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.
 "Crackers?" inquired Nugent.

To their further amazement, Billy Bunter groped in his pocket and drew out another bottle of gum. This also he emptied into the jug. Then he produced another and yet another and still another. One after another they were emptied into the jug. Bunter, apparently, had been collecting bottles of gum up and down the Remove passage, for the extraordinary purpose of filling a jug with that sticky fluid.

"Let's see—I think I've got one more," said Bunter. "Yes, here it is." Six bottles of gum, emptied into the milk jug, nearly

filled it. "I fancy that will do the trick!"

"You howling ass!" gasped Harry Wharton. "What do you want a jug of gum for?"

"Well, it takes time to empty those little bottles," explained Bunter, "and I don't want to be copped in Hobson's study. It won't take a tick to pour it from the jug into his armchair."
 "Oh, crumbs!"

"He's gone down to the nets now," grinned Bunter. "He won't see this till he sits in it. Fancy sitting in a pint of gum in flannel bags, what? He, he, he!"

see this till he sits in it. Fancy sitting in a pint of gum in flannel bags, what? He, he, he!

"You dangerous lunatic!" gasped Frank Nugent. "Hobson of the Shell will strew you all over Greyfriars in little pieces if he sits in that gum in his flannel bags."
 "I ain't going to tell him I put the gum there—and I suppose you fellows won't," answered Bunter. "I'll jolly well teach him to kick a chap! Making out I was after his choc! Insulting beast, you know. He dropped that bar of chocolate, and I put my foot on it entirely by accident. I didn't know he saw me—I mean, it was by sheer chance—but he made out that I was going to snoop it if he hadn't happened to see me put my foot on it—suspicious cad. He kicked me—"

"Hard, I hope," said Harry Wharton. "Beast! I'll jolly well show him whether he can bang his hoof on a Remove man's trousers," said the fat Owl vengefully. "I say, you fellows, if you've got some more gum—"
 "You've got more than enough, you fat ass," said Frank Nugent, "and you'd better steer clear of Hobson's study—"
 "I'll watch it," said Bunter.
 "Hobson will slay you bald-headed, you dithering duffer," said Harry Wharton.
 "I dare say he would, if he knew," grinned Bunter. "But he won't know that it was me that did it."
 "Shouldn't like Quelch's job of teaching Bunter grammar," chuckled Nugent.
 "Eh?" Bunter blinked at him. "What's the matter with my grammar, I'd like to know, Frank Nugent?"
 "Perhaps you mean 'He won't know that it was I that did it,'" suggested Nugent.
 "Of course he won't know that it was you that did it, Nugent, when it's me that did it," said Bunter. "Wharrer you mean?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. Of course Hobson won't think that you did it, Nugent—"
 "I mean, you can't say 'It was me that did it'—"
 "I'm not going to say that it was you that did it, Nugent. . . I'm not going to say anything about it at all."
 "Oh, crikey!"

"Only you fellows will know that it was me that did it," said Bunter, still recklessly regardless of grammar. "The other chaps weren't in their studies when I borrowed their gum. Hobson won't know and he won't come after me. Mind you fellows keep it dark."
 And Billy Bunter, with the milk jug carefully concealed under his jacket, rolled out of the study on vengeance bent.

filled it. "I fancy that will do the trick!"

"You howling ass!" gasped Harry Wharton. "What do you want a jug of gum for?"

"Well, it takes time to empty those little bottles," explained Bunter, "and I don't want to be copped in Hobson's study. It won't take a tick to pour it from the jug into his armchair."
 "Oh, crumbs!"

"He's gone down to the nets now," grinned Bunter. "He won't see this till he sits in it. Fancy sitting in a pint of gum in flannel bags, what? He, he, he!"

see this till he sits in it. Fancy sitting in a pint of gum in flannel bags, what? He, he, he!

"You dangerous lunatic!" gasped Frank Nugent. "Hobson of the Shell will strew you all over Greyfriars in little pieces if he sits in that gum in his flannel bags."
 "I ain't going to tell him I put the gum there—and I suppose you fellows won't," answered Bunter. "I'll jolly well teach him to kick a chap! Making out I was after his choc! Insulting beast, you know. He dropped that bar of chocolate, and I put my foot on it entirely by accident. I didn't know he saw me—I mean, it was by sheer chance—but he made out that I was going to snoop it if he hadn't happened to see me put my foot on it—suspicious cad. He kicked me—"

"Hard, I hope," said Harry Wharton. "Beast! I'll jolly well show him whether he can bang his hoof on a Remove man's trousers," said the fat Owl vengefully. "I say, you fellows, if you've got some more gum—"
 "You've got more than enough, you fat ass," said Frank Nugent, "and you'd better steer clear of Hobson's study—"
 "I'll watch it," said Bunter.
 "Hobson will slay you bald-headed, you dithering duffer," said Harry Wharton.
 "I dare say he would, if he knew," grinned Bunter. "But he won't know that it was me that did it."
 "Shouldn't like Quelch's job of teaching Bunter grammar," chuckled Nugent.
 "Eh?" Bunter blinked at him. "What's the matter with my grammar, I'd like to know, Frank Nugent?"
 "Perhaps you mean 'He won't know that it was I that did it,'" suggested Nugent.
 "Of course he won't know that it was you that did it, Nugent, when it's me that did it," said Bunter. "Wharrer you mean?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. Of course Hobson won't think that you did it, Nugent—"
 "I mean, you can't say 'It was me that did it'—"
 "I'm not going to say that it was you that did it, Nugent. . . I'm not going to say anything about it at all."
 "Oh, crikey!"

"Only you fellows will know that it was me that did it," said Bunter, still recklessly regardless of grammar. "The other chaps weren't in their studies when I borrowed their gum. Hobson won't know and he won't come after me. Mind you fellows keep it dark."
 And Billy Bunter, with the milk jug carefully concealed under his jacket, rolled out of the study on vengeance bent.

HOBSON'S study in the Shell was vacant when a fat face and a pair of big spectacles looked into it a few minutes later. James Hobson was at cricket and Stewart was with him, and his other study mate, Hoskins, was in the music room. So Hobson's roomy old comfortable armchair was quite at Bunter's mercy. The fat Owl rolled, grinning, into the study.

But he lost no time. Bunter generally favoured slow motion, but he did not want to risk being caught in a Shell study with a sticky milk jug and a gummy armchair. Very much indeed he didn't. For once Billy Bunter was quite rapid.

He poured the gum from the jug into the well-worn old leather seat of the armchair, where it spread out in a sticky pool. He moved the chair a little so that its high back was to the window, keeping the light off the gummy seat. Unless under a very close inspection that pool of gum was invisible. And was Hobson likely to give it a close inspection? He was much more likely, when he came in after slogging at the nets, to throw himself into that armchair—and sit down right in the gum. Billy Bunter chuckled explosively at the happy picture of flannel bags squashing in a pool of gum.

He was hardly a minute in the study. He peered out cautiously, with the jug hidden under his jacket. The coast was still clear and the fat Owl rolled away triumphant.

HOBSON and Stewart of the Shell came into their study together half an hour after Billy Bunter's visit. Hobson pitched his bat into a corner of the study and threw himself—just as Bunter had anticipated—into the roomy old armchair. He stretched out his legs in lazy comfort, glad to take his ease after slogging at the nets on a warm summer's afternoon.

"Old Claude might have had tea ready," he remarked. "Chap who doesn't play cricket really ought to make himself useful somehow."

"Quite!" agreed Stewart, sitting on the corner of the study table. "Catch Hoskins thinking of it, though. I expect he's still in the music room, up to his neck in harmony."

"I say," Hobson shifted in the armchair, "I say, this chair seems to feel dampish. You haven't been spilling anything in my armchair, have you?"

"Not that I know of."
 "Perhaps that ass Hoskins has, then. It does feel damp," said Hobson. He shifted again and then wriggled. "My hat! It feels wet."

"Well, I don't see how it could be wet," said Stewart staring.

"I don't see, either, but I jolly well know that it feels wet," said Hobson. "Can't make it out! I've sat in something, goodness knows what! Some silly idiot has been spilling something in this chair."

Hobson rose rather hurriedly from the armchair. There was a sound of suction as he did so, and his flannel trousers seemed to come away unwillingly from the seat. Hobby's face, which had been quite merry and bright when he entered the study was now rather excited and angry. Only too clearly he had sat in something—something that had very nearly glued him to the chair!

He turned to look into the armchair to ascertain what that something was, and Stewart had a view of flannel trousers dripping and running with gum.

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Stewart in astonishment.

There was a roar from James Hobson as he stared into the chair. Close inspection revealed the something in which he had sat.

"Gum!" roared Hobson.
 "Oh, scissors!" gasped Stewart. "It—it—it's gum! Your bags are dripping with it, old man! It—it—it's gum!"

"Gum!" repeated Hobson, staring into the chair. "Gum! Look here, this wasn't just spilt—why, there must have been bottles and bottles—somebody's done this on purpose! If that's your idea of a joke, Malcolm Stewart—"

"I never knew—" gasped Stewart.
 "If that fathead Hoskins has taken to playing practical jokes—"

"Old Claude wouldn't—"
 "Then who did?" roared Hobson, red with wrath. "Why, I'm soaked—soaked with gum! It's sticking me all over—trickling down my legs—I'm all gummy and sticky! Who shoved that gum in my chair?"

"Goodness knows!"
 "By gum! I'll—I'll—I'll jolly well knock his silly block off, when I get hold of him!" howled Hobson. "Soaking a fellow's bags with gum! By gad! I'll jolly well smash him up into little pieces! I'll punch his silly head! I'll—I'll strew him all over Greyfriars! Who did it? Ow! I'm all sticky—all clammy and sticky—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass, what are you laughing at?" yelled Hobson. "Think there's something funny in a chap sitting in a gallon of gum?"

"Oh! No! Ha, ha! I—I mean—not at all, old fellow," gasped Stewart. "I say, hadn't you better go and change your bags?"

"I shall have to get a bath! I tell you I'm sticky all over!" bawled Hobson. "Oh, crikey! It's right through—grooogh! I'm all gummy! Gummy all over. You silly ass, if you cackle again I'll jolly well punch your head! I'll jolly well punch it anyway! I—"

Stewart dodged out of the study just in time. James Hobson, with inexpressible feelings, tramped away for a bath and a change; and a fat junior, blinking at him from a safe distance through a pair of big spectacles, grinned.

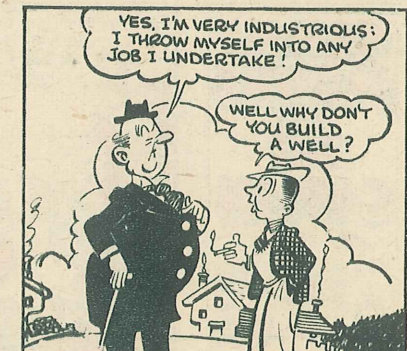
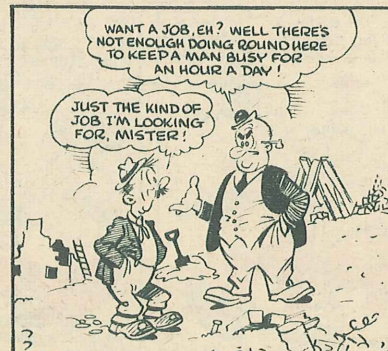
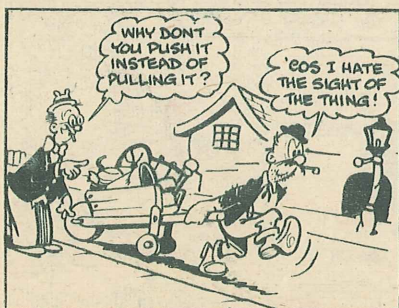
CLAUDE HOSKINS came back from the music room late for tea. But he did not find tea going on in his study. Hobson was not thinking of tea. Hobson, newly swept and garnished, was clear at last of gum, but he was in the very worst temper ever. He was going to find out who had gummed that armchair and deal with him faithfully; and for the present there was room for no other idea in Hobson's head. Somebody, evidently, had laid that little trap for Hobby and that somebody was going to suffer for his sins, if Hobby could discover him. And he was going to discover him.

Up and down the Shell studies went James Hobson, with knitted brows and glinting eyes, inquiring. Had the culprit been in the Shell, probably Hobson's look would have discouraged him from owning up. But it did not appear that the culprit was in the Shell. Somebody had done it, that was certain, but who? Hobby was driven at last to the belief that it was some fellow in some other form—some cheeky fag—who had ventured to play that trick in his study. But that left him quite a wide field from which to choose.

"Some smudge in the Fourth, or some young smear in the Remove," he told Stewart and Hoskins. "Larking in a Shell study, by jove! I'll give him larking with

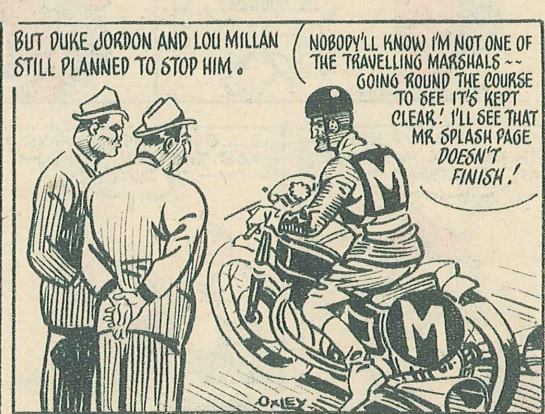
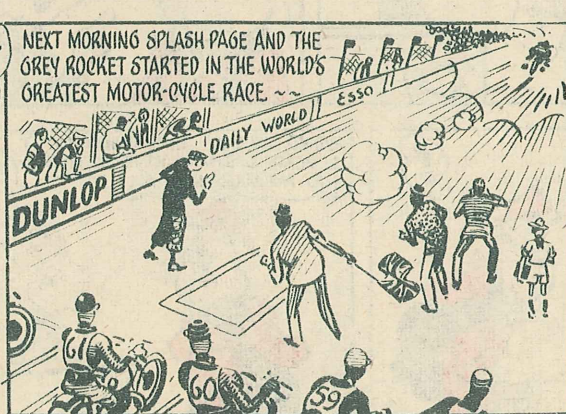
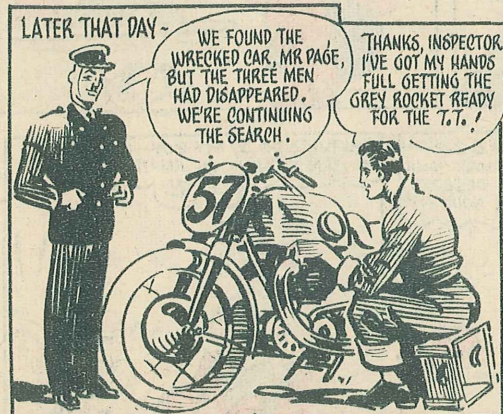
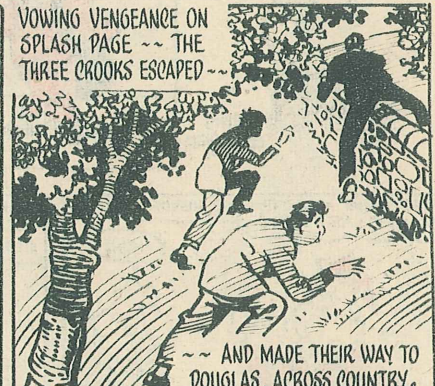
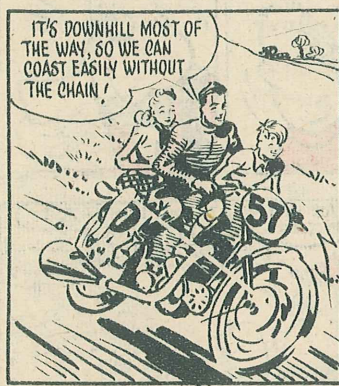
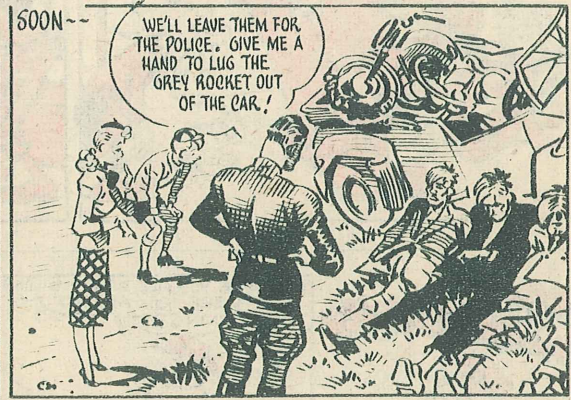
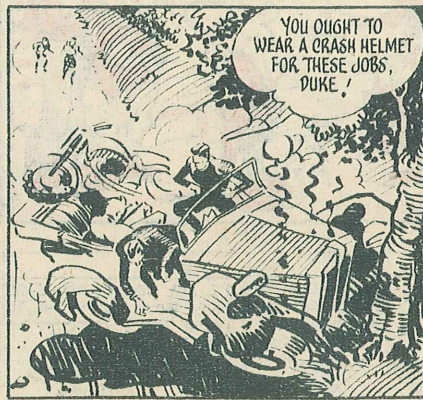
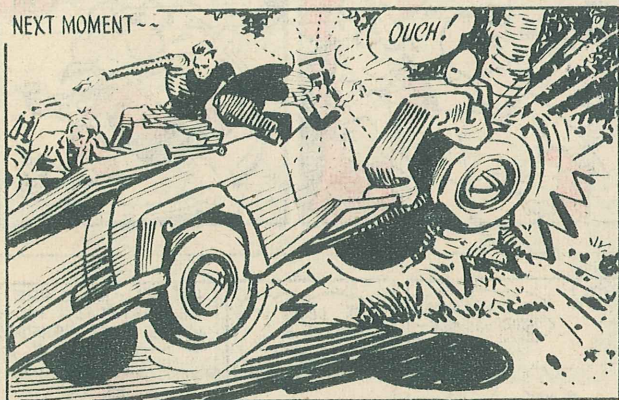
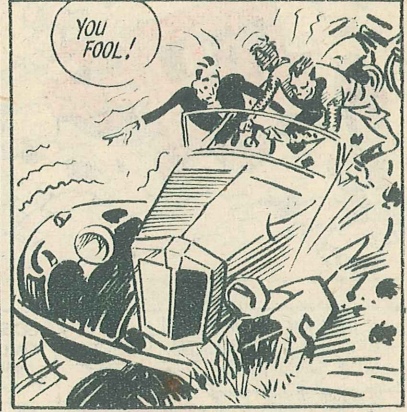
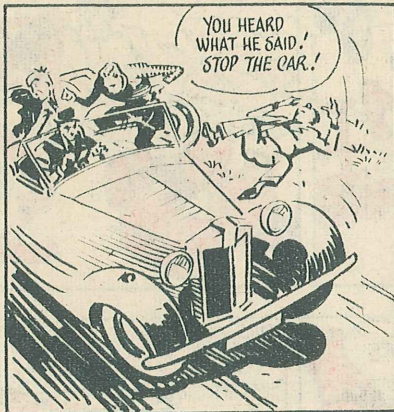
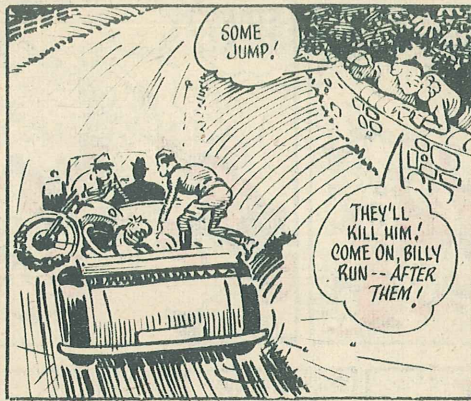
(Continued on page 7)

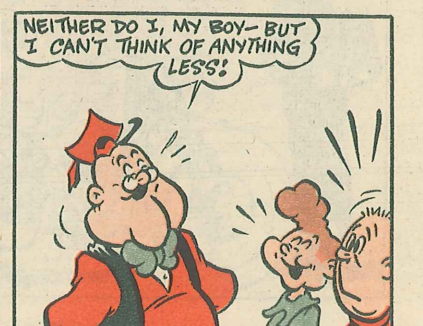
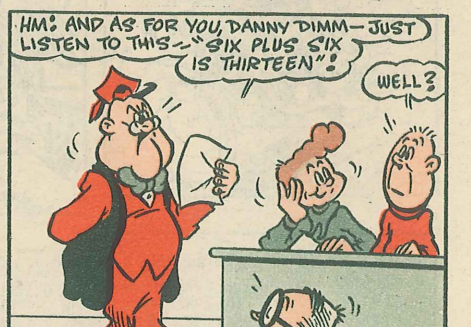
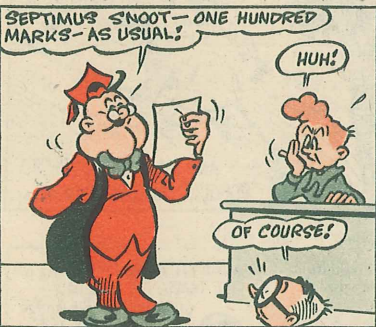
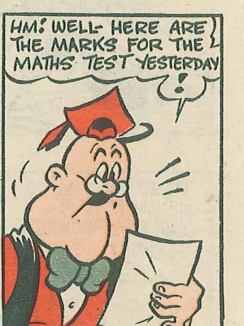
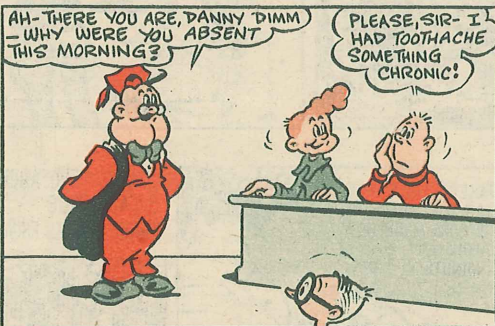
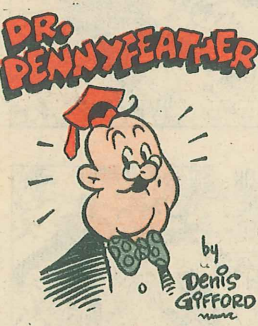
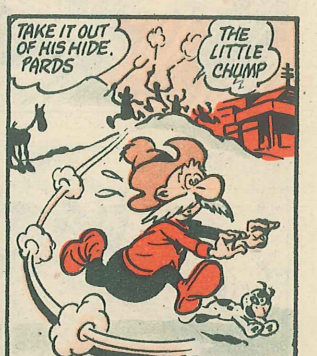
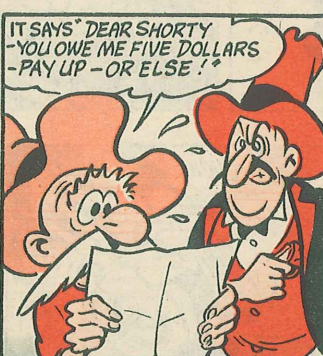
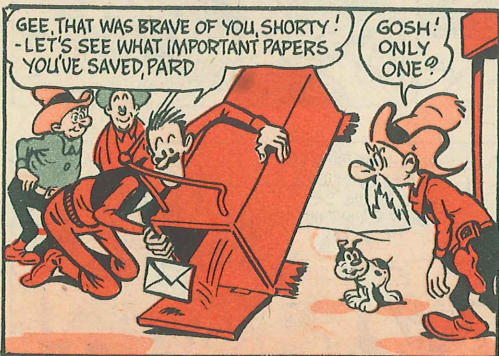
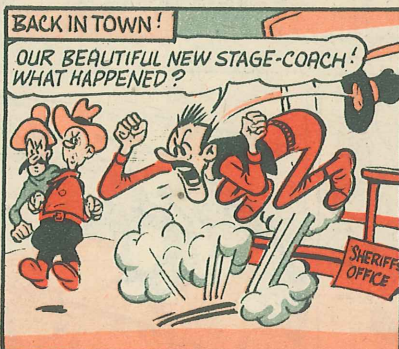
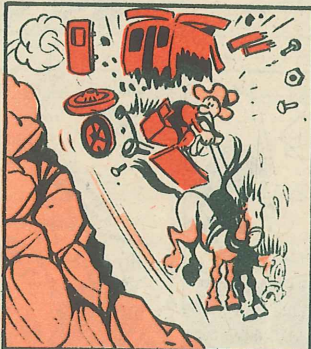
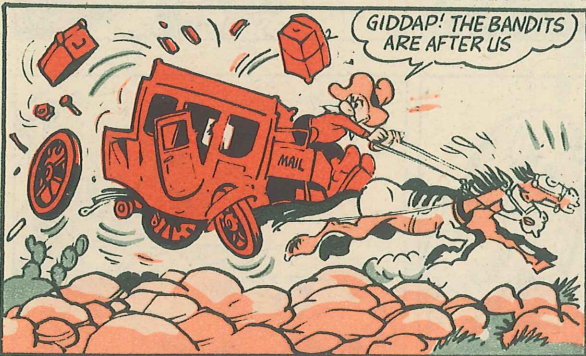
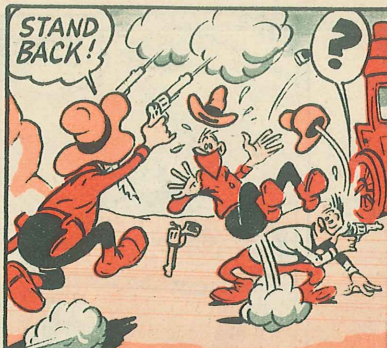
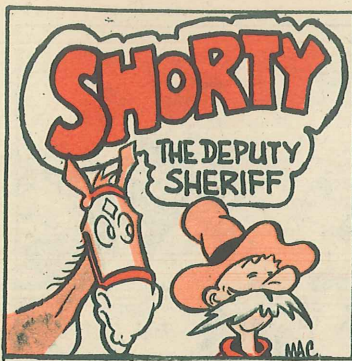
CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE AND THE GREY ROCKET REPORTER

Splash Page found Duke Jordan and Lou Millan trying to steal the Grey Rocket after he had crashed on the T.T. course during a practice lap. While Jill Brent and Billy Drew, a young friend, watched, he leaped into the crooks' car from a high bank.





Buck Jones and the Wild Girl of the Hills.

JAKE BROWN AND DAKERS, THE CROOK RANCHER, RECKONED THEY HAD TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HETTY, THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS. SHE KNEW TOO MUCH! IT WAS DAKERS WHO CAUGHT HER AND TIED HER TO HER HORSE. BUT THE ANIMAL TOOK FRIGHT AND BOLTED. IF BUCK JONES HADN'T BEEN AROUND SHE WOULD HAVE PERISHED IN THE GORGE

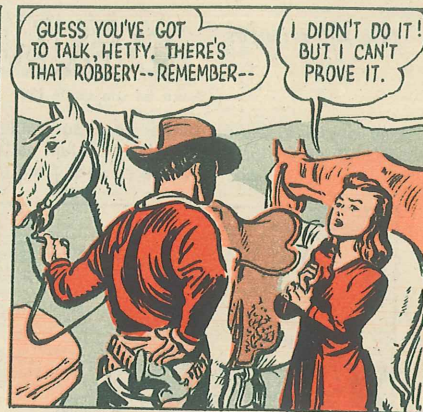


OKAY, HETTY. WE'LL MAKE IT!



WHO DID THIS TO YOU, HETTY?

THANKS A LOT FOR SAVING ME, BUCK. BUT I AIN'T ANSWERING QUESTIONS.



GUESS YOU'VE GOT TO TALK, HETTY. THERE'S THAT ROBBERY--REMEMBER--

I DIDN'T DO IT! BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT.



BUT I'LL FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER-- IF ONLY YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE. I WON'T GO BACK! I WON'T GO TO JAIL. SO LAY OFF ME, WILL YOU!



I'M SORRY, HETTY. MAYBE YOU DIDN'T DO THAT JOB BUT THE EVIDENCE SAYS YOU DID! I'VE GOT MY JOB TO DO. I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU IN--

BUT DAKERS THE CROOKED RANCHER WAS STILL TRAILING HETTY. HE HAD TO CLOSE HER MOUTH--FOR GOOD--BEFORE SHE TOLD BUCK ABOUT HIM . . .



-- I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU IN--

SHE AIN'T TOLD HIM, YET, AND SHE AIN'T EVER GOING TO TELL HIM!



LOOK OUT, BUCK!

HETTY SEES THE MENACING GUN AND LEAPS FOR HER LIFE



HECK! SHE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

THE BULLET MISSES HETTY AND CREASES BUCK'S FOREHEAD



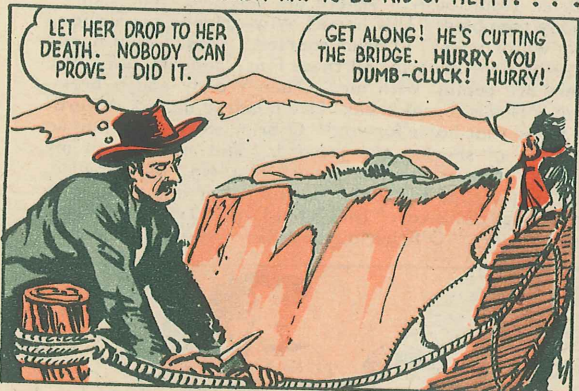
THE BRIDGE OVER THE RAVINE! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

BUT HETTY COULD NOT RIDE ACROSS THE CRAZY ROPE BRIDGE SO SHE DISMOUNTED AND PUSHED THE HORSE ACROSS AHEAD OF HER.



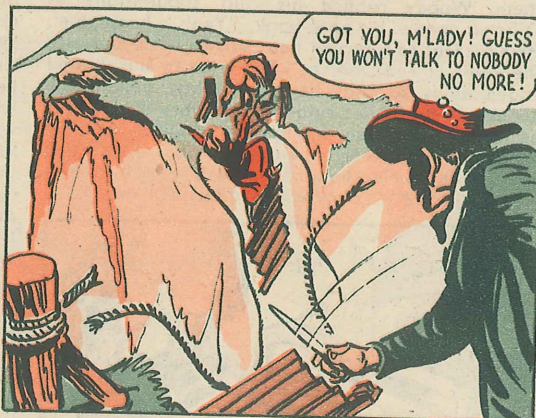
GEE! HE'S TOO CLOSE! GUESS I MAKE AN EASY TARGET FOR HIM, NOW!

BUT DAKERS SAW A SURER WAY TO BE RID OF HETTY. . . .

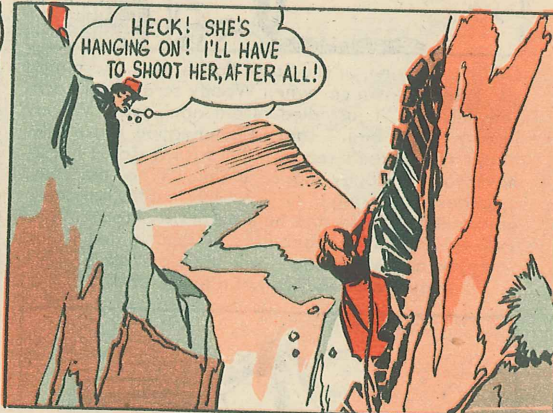


LET HER DROP TO HER DEATH. NOBODY CAN PROVE I DID IT.

GET ALONG! HE'S CUTTING THE BRIDGE. HURRY, YOU DUMB-CLUCK! HURRY!



GOT YOU, M'LADY! GUESS YOU WON'T TALK TO NOBODY NO MORE!



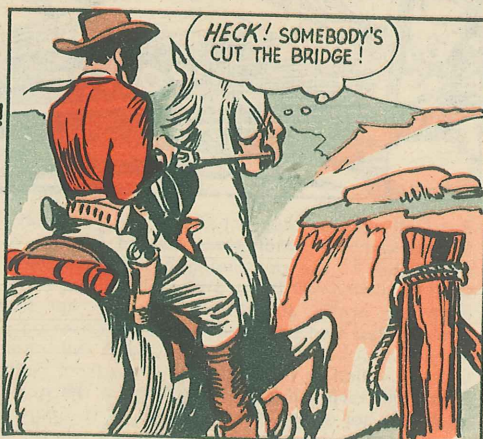
HECK! SHE'S HANGING ON! I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HER, AFTER ALL!

BUT DAKERS HEARS A RIDER APPROACHING.

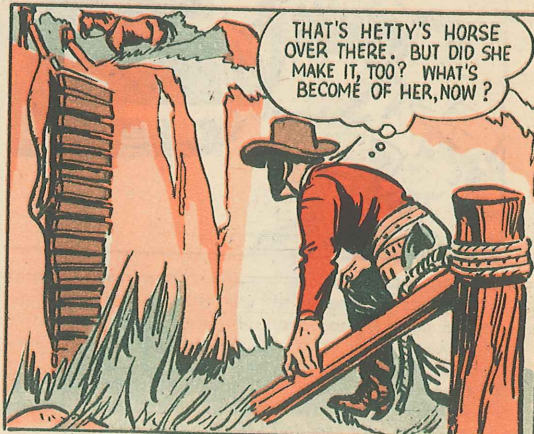


CUSS IT! SOMEBODY'S COMING! I MUSTN'T BE SEEN IN THESE PARTS!

IT IS BUCK JONES! HE WAS ONLY STUNNED AND HAS FOLLOWED HETTY'S TRAIL.



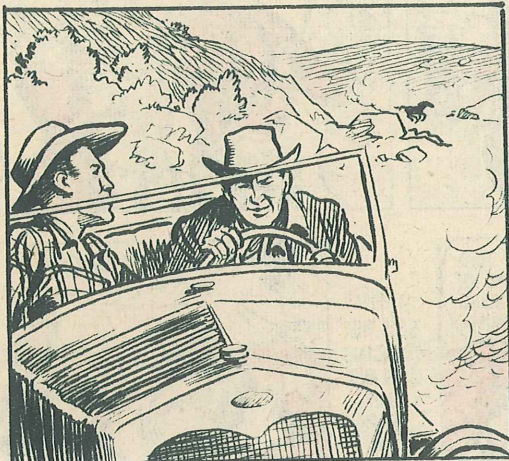
HECK! SOMEBODY'S CUT THE BRIDGE!



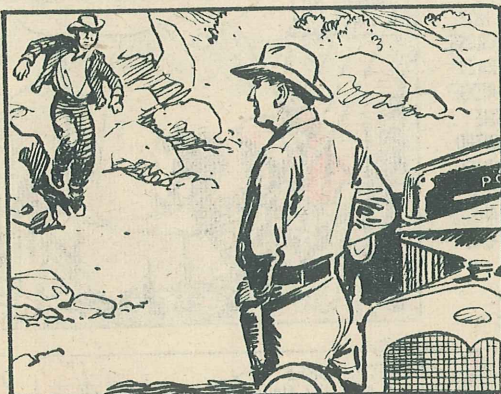
THAT'S HETTY'S HORSE OVER THERE. BUT DID SHE MAKE IT, TOO? WHAT'S BECOME OF HER, NOW?

Based on the Eagle Lion production, distributed by Associated British Pathé Ltd.

Ted Daniels found his former boss, Bud Millerick, ill-treating his horse, Gallant Bess, at his rodeo show. During a quarrel with Millerick, Ted knocked him out and escaped with the help of a cowboy friend, Woody, in an old car.—Gallant Bess also escaped from the rodeo ground, and Millerick set the police searching for her.



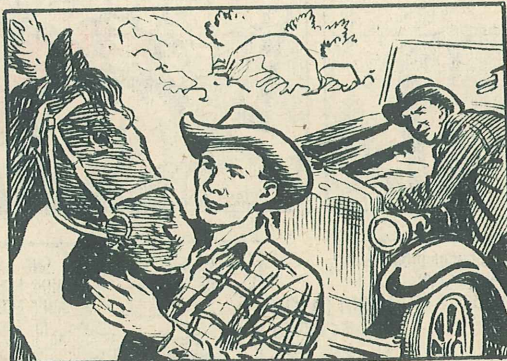
Woody's car rattled along the lonely road, in danger of breaking down at any moment. Ted was anxious—but not about the car. "I'm trying to work out how I can get Bess," he told Woody. "Well, why don't you just steal her?" asked Woody sarcastically, listening to the strange noises coming from the car's engine. "That's exactly what we will do!" Ted exclaimed. "Don't be a fool, Ted!" said Woody in alarm. "That's all we need to get us into more trouble—a stolen horse!" Then Ted glanced back and saw Gallant Bess overtaking them. "Woody!" he yelled. "It's Gallant Bess! She's solved it for us!"



Deputy O'Brien, of the State Police, was examining the broken-down car when Woody scrambled down the hillside. "It just died of old age," said Woody hastily. "Too bad," said O'Brien good naturedly. "Say! You haven't seen a feller with a stolen horse, have you?" Woody looked blank. "Who, me? No! You looking for him?" O'Brien hitched his holstered gun round. "Yeah, and he's desperate, too," Then Ted, having left Gallant Bess hidden, joined them. "Hey, what d'you know?" exclaimed Woody. "The deputy's on the trail of a horse thief!"



Laughing, Deputy O'Brien drove away with Gallant Bess trotting beside his car. Ted was despondent as he and Woody walked away in the opposite direction. Their ruse to discourage O'Brien had succeeded, but neither felt happy. "For a guy that just got out of ten years' jail," muttered Woody, "you look pretty low." Ted kicked savagely at the dust. "I've got to get Bess back, Woody!"



Ted forgot Woody, and the fact that the police might be on their track. As the car stopped with a hiss of steam from the boiling radiator, he leaped out to make a fuss of Gallant Bess. "You got here, old girl! Good for you!" But Woody was worried; the engine refused to re-start. "This car's died," he groaned. "Now what?" Ted mounted Gallant Bess. "Come on, Woody," he said. "The first thing to do is get off this road."



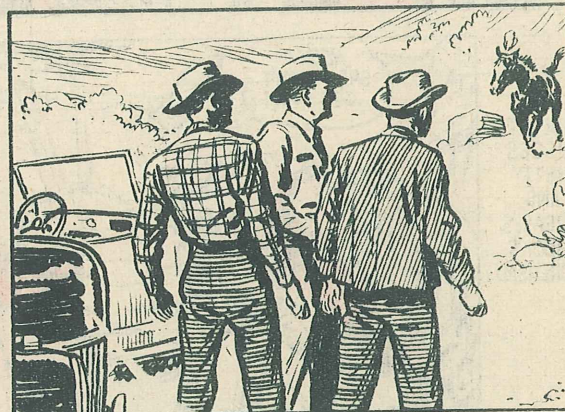
Ted and Woody both realised they were in danger. If the deputy became suspicious of them they would land in jail and Gallant Bess would again be lost to them. Woody rubbed his chin thoughtfully as O'Brien opened his note-book. "Yeah, a horse thief. He's six feet tall, brown hair, brown eyes, and uses the name of Ted Daniels." Ted tried to shrink, and edged away so that he was slightly behind the deputy. O'Brien was evidently not very brainy, but he might recognise his quarry. Quick-wittedly Woody pointed to the open page. "Say, what's this written here? Five hundred dollars reward for the horse?" Woody whistled in surprise.



But Gallant Bess took a hand in the game herself. She kicked out wildly and tugged at the rope linking her to the car. Suddenly it broke. She was free! As Deputy O'Brien braked hard and tried to grab her bridle, she lashed out with her hoofs. Gallant Bess had now been with human beings for some time, but she could still be a wild horse. O'Brien yelled as he scrambled away from Gallant Bess's shattering hoofs. Grovelling on the ground, he heard her squealing with rage as she galloped away, leaving his car with a smashed windscreen.



Ted and Woody went to cover on the hillside with Gallant Bess. "Ted," said Woody, "Millerick'll have all the cops in the county lookin' for us. You'll get ten years for horse stealin'!" "Woody, the way I see it I didn't steal her." Woody groaned. "The way the Law sees it, you beat a man up and stole his horse. You've gotta get rid of her—quick!" He looked down at the road. "Look—a police car! Hide the horse!"



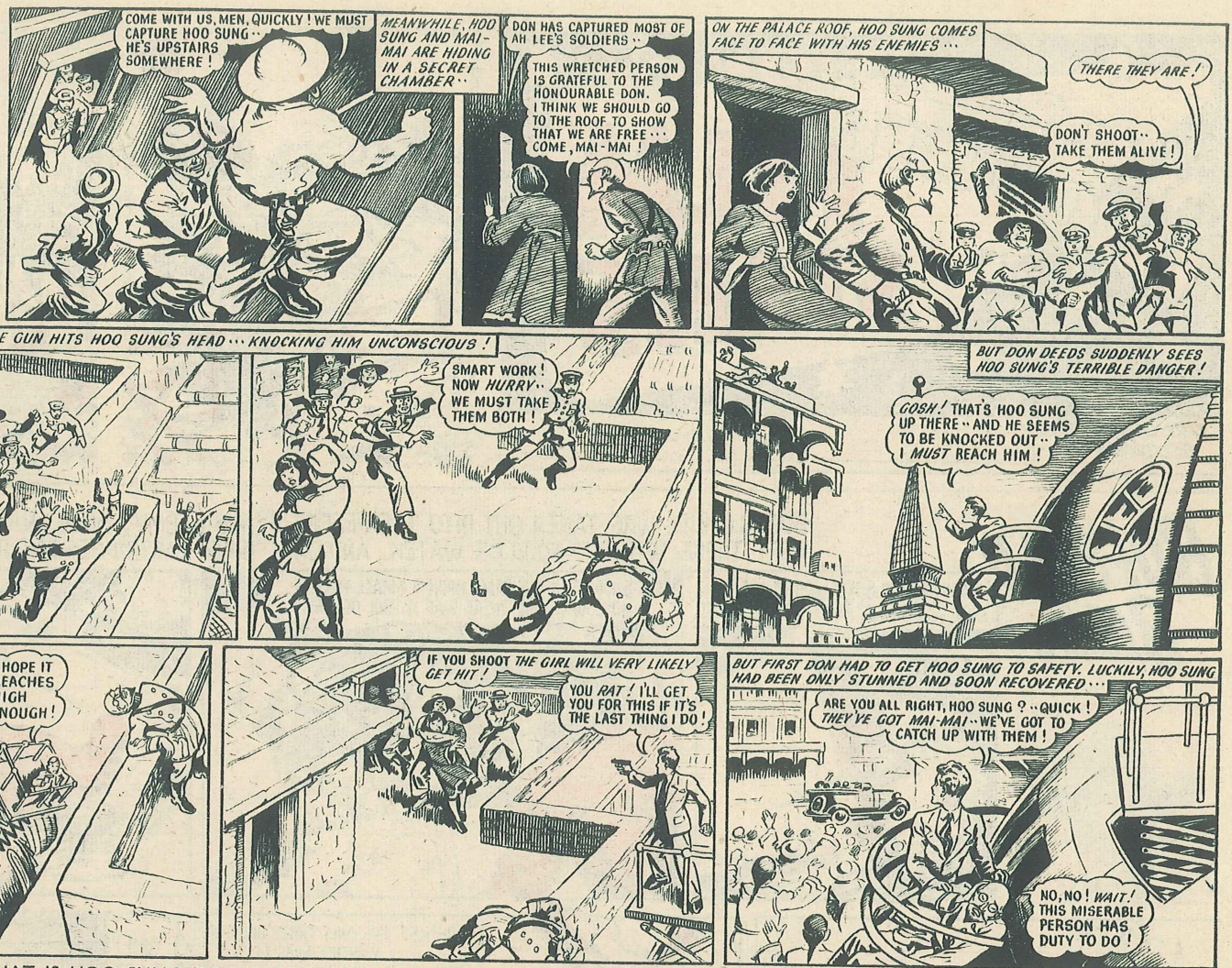
Woody's careless whistle brought Gallant Bess galloping out of cover. "I thought you hadn't seen any horse!" said O'Brien suspiciously. "Where did this one come from?" Woody trembled. "This horse? Why—mebbe she's one of them wild horses!" O'Brien snorted. "What would a wild horse be doin' wearin' all these fancy gadgets, huh? You fellers are comin' with me!" Then Woody had a brain-wave. "This is a real break! Five hundred dollars reward! We found that horse for you!" O'Brien started. He had no intention of sharing the reward. "This horse is in my custody, and I'm takin' her back to town," he growled, attaching a rope to Gallant Bess's halter and tying it to the bumper of his car. "That's fine!" said Ted. "We'll ride back with you." O'Brien laughed. "Sorry, boys—no room."



Gallant Bess galloped furiously back along the road until she caught up with Ted Daniels. Overjoyed, he wrenched off the circus trappings that Millerick had decked her with, and swung on to her back. "We'd better get outa here, Woody!" he cried. "I never thought I'd grow up to be a horse thief," moaned Woody as he swung up behind Ted, "but what can a feller do?" Ted spoke gaily to his horse. "Giddup, Bess! We're gonna put as many miles as we can between us and Millerick—and the police!"

Don Deeds

His bid for power having failed, Ah Lee and his crook friends plan to flee from Kwung Chu taking Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai with them as hostages.



WHAT IS HOO SUNG GOING TO DO? DON'T MISS HIS DARING EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET."

BILLY BUNTER COMES UNSTUCK!

(continued from page 2)

gum in a Shell study! I'm going to nail him."

"COME in!" said Harry Wharton politely.

"Oh, do," murmured Nugent.

Five fellows were at tea in No. 1 Study in the Remove when James Hobson, captain of the Shell, stared in at the doorway of that study. Hobby did not look like a fellow paying a friendly call. He glared rather than stared into the study.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh wondered what was the matter with him. Wharton and Nugent rather thought that they could guess!

Hobson tramped in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anything up?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You don't happen to know?" snorted Hobson.

"Eh! How should I know?" asked Bob in surprise.

"Well, somebody knows," hooted Hobson. "Somebody's been larking with gum in my study! It wasn't a man in the Shell—I know that! I jolly well want to know whether it was a man in the Remove! See? I'm going to smash him up! I'm going to pulverise him! Shoving gum into a fellow's armchair—pints of it—soaking through a fellow's bags—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Funny, wasn't it?" roared Hobson. "Oh, jolly funny! Glad you're amused! The smudge who did it won't be amused when I lay hands on him, I can tell you that. Was it one of your gang?"

"Not guilty, my lord!" chuckled Bob.

"Well, I want to know who it was!" roared Hobson. "I'll bet it was some cheeky fag in the Remove. I'm going to make him tired of life when I find him. Gumming a fellow's bags—soaking a fellow with gum—I tell you there must have been pints of it and I sat right in it—"

As he stood and glared, there was a footstep in the Remove passage and a fat face looked in at the door. Billy Bunter's eyes and spectacles went straight to the tea-

table round which the Famous Five were gathered.

"I say, you fellows, having tea? I'll join you if you like! I say—he, he, he!—heard about Hobson? I say, I got him a treat!"

Hobson gave quite a jump.

The Owl of the Remove did not, for the moment, notice that there was a visitor in the study—a stranger within the gates, as it were. Billy Bunter was bubbling over with satisfaction—destined to be short-lived!

"I say, you fellows, he sat right in it!" chortled the fat Owl. "I saw him heading for a bathroom—he, he, he! I say, he must have wanted a wash! He, he, he! You should have seen him—his bags fairly dripping and reeking with gum! I let him have the lot—the whole jugful! He, he, he! I say, you should have seen that smudge Hobson's face after he'd sat in the gum! He, he, he! I say, what are you making faces at me for, Nugent? What—Oh, crikey!"

Bunter suddenly became aware of Hobson.

"Oh!" stuttered Bunter, his little round eyes almost popping through his big round spectacles. "Is—is—is that Hobson? Oh, crikey! I—I—I say, it wasn't me put that gum in your armchair, Hobson—I never had any gum, and I haven't been near your study, and—Yarooooooh!"

"You!" roared Hobson.

And he rushed.

"Ow! Oh! Yarooooooh! I say, you fellows, keep him off!" yelled Bunter. "It wasn't me—I was somewhere else when I did it—I mean when I didn't do it—Ow! ow! wow! Help! Yaroooooooop!"

Bunter fled for his life. Nobody who knew Bunter could have dreamed him capable of putting on the speed at which he went down the Remove passage with James Hobson raging on his track. An arrow in its flight had simply nothing on him. But fast as he went, the frantic yells that floated back told that Hobson was keeping within kicking distance.

More fun with Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars in next week's "COMET." Don't miss it!

THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



90. MICHAEL REDGRAVE
(Universal International)



91. SPENCER TRACY
(M.G.M.)

HERE'S GOOD NEWS, CHUMS!

Starting in next week's "COMET," YOUR FILM STARS' portraits will appear on page 8, every week—IN COLOUR. Cut them out and collect them! And whether you keep them in an envelope or paste them in a scrapbook, you will find, overleaf, a

GRAND COLOURED FRONTISPIECE

All ready to be cut out and pasted on the front of the envelope or scrapbook you are going to use.

ARE YOU A CAR-SPOTTER?

On the front page in this issue of the "Comet" you will find a PHOTO of a car. There will be one of these EVERY WEEK!

Cut them out and paste them in a notebook, and so make your own

CAR-SPOTTERS' PICTURE GUIDE

Tell all your pals about this weekly GRAND FEATURE.

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, cut out the coupon at foot of Column 2 on this page. Send it with your full name and address, and a few facts about yourself to:

The "Comet" (Pen Pals),
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
LONDON, E.C.4.

Your request will be published later in the "COMET" so that somebody else wanting a Pen Pal will be able to write to you.

PEN PALS COUPON

Comet, July 8, 1950

MY COLLECTION OF
FAVOURITE
**FILM
STARS**

THIS COLLECTION
BELONGS TO -



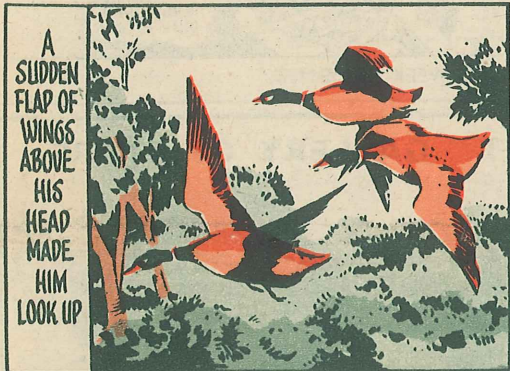
**BUFFALO
BILL.**

BUFFALO BILL WAS TAKEN OUT INTO THE DESERT BY HIS ENEMY, GREY SNAKE, AND LEFT THERE WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, AND ONLY THREE CARTRIDGES FOR HIS GUN.

DAWN FOUND BUFFALO BILL WEAK FROM HUNGER AND PARCHED WITH THIRST.



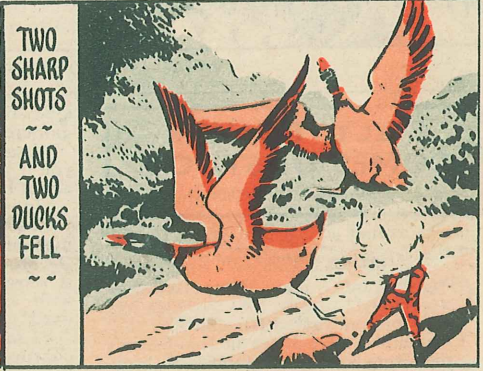
SUDDENLY -- HE CAME UPON A SMALL FERTILE HOLLOW WHERE THERE WAS A POOL OF WATER.



A SUDDEN FLAP OF WINGS ABOVE HIS HEAD MADE HIM LOOK UP



DUCKS! I'VE ONLY THREE BULLETS! I MUSTN'T MISS!



TWO SHARP SHOTS AND TWO DUCKS FELL



SO BUFFALO BILL FED AND RENEWED HIS STRENGTH.



BUT HE HAD TO LEAVE THE HOLLOW AND SET OUT AGAIN ACROSS THE PITILESS DESERT



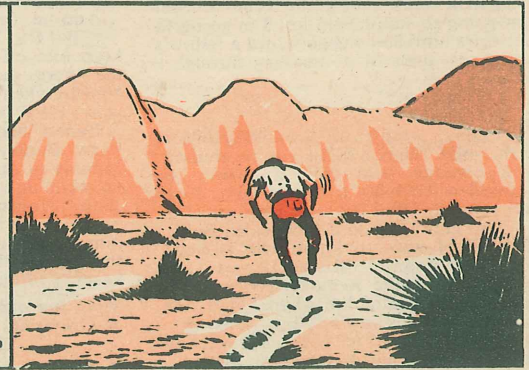
FOR TWO DAYS HE TRUDGED ON AND ON. HIS FOOD HAD ALL GONE. HE HAD NO WATER.



I CAN'T GO ON --- I'M DONE FOR ---



TRAILING HIS FEET
HIS BODY BENT
ON AND ON HE STUMBLED.



WILL BUFFALO BILL REACH SAFETY? DON'T MISS THIS STIRRING ADVENTURE IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"